

The Mirror

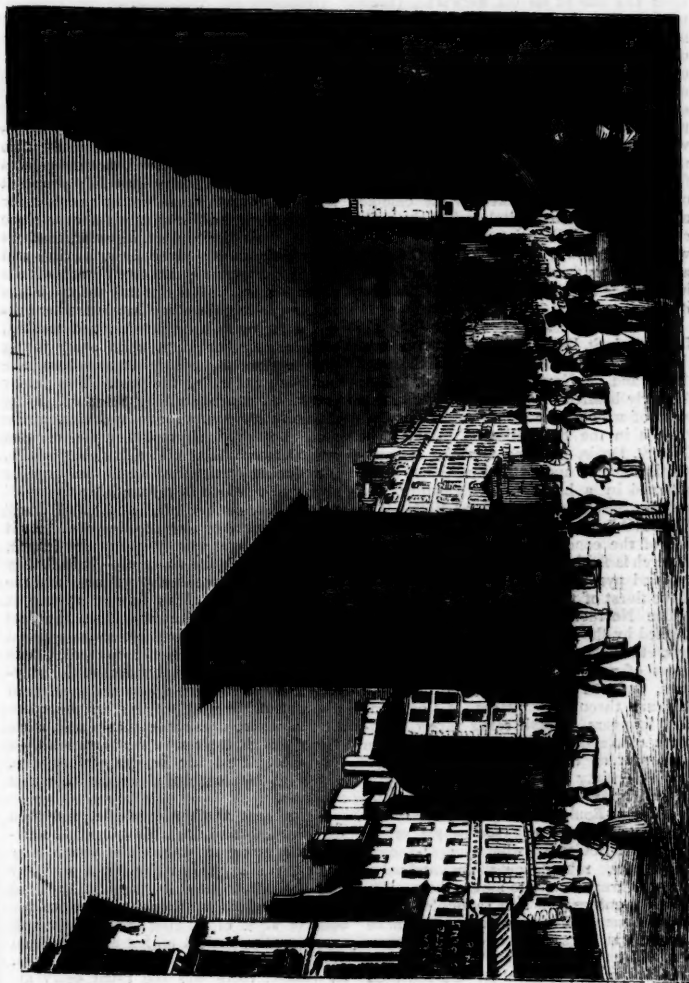
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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BOULEVARDS OF ST. DENIS AND ST. MARTIN, AT PARIS.

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THE Boulevards of Paris form a remarkable characteristic of that capital. In our own metropolis, we have no feature that can be compared with them. They may be described as so many rides and walks around the city, which have been formed upon the site of its old bulwarks, (*boulevards*,) when those means of defence were no longer deemed requisite for the security of the inhabitants. Little more than a century and a half has elapsed since Paris ceased to be a fortified city, and the conversion of its bulwarks into places for the recreation of the people was commenced; whereas, the outworks with which the Romans left our metropolis encircled have, for many centuries, been swept away, without advantage being taken of the change, as in the French capital; when, by a decree of Louis XIV., the walls and towers were pulled down, and the ditches filled up, and the king formed a resolution of opening a wide road round Paris, and planting it with trees.

Of the execution of this design, the Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin present the oldest specimens, and are subdivisions of the Grand or Northern Boulevard. They formerly boasted of several fine elm-trees; most of which were cut down to form barricades in the Revolution of 1830. The Gate St. Denis, prominent in the Engraving, is a simple and well-proportioned mass, crowned by a handsome entablature, and on the fascia, inscribed "LVDOVICO MAGNO." It is embellished with bas-reliefs of the conquests of Louis XIV.; and the arch is flanked with allegorical groupes, trophied pyramids, &c. This gate is one of the finest of the Parisian arches.

The Northern Boulevards are distinguished by the magnificence of their buildings, the shops, *restaurants*, *cafés*, and places of public amusement, which adorn them, and the gay multitude with which they are thronged. "Here, in fine weather, loungers of both sexes throw themselves carelessly on chairs, and thus pass a great part of the day. Nothing can exceed the gaiety of this spot till midnight. The chairs are hired for two sous each. The Italian Boulevard is the most fashionable part; but the common people prefer the Temple Boulevard, where puppet-shows, pantomimes, rope-dancing, mountebanks, &c., are always ready to amuse them. On Sunday evenings, this spot resembles a fair. All the diversified amusements that can be devised assail the senses: musicians, flower-girls, and tumblers alternately succeed each other, and appear grateful for the few sous bestowed upon their indefatigable and some-

times wonderful exertions to amuse. The scenes of nearly all the Northern Boulevards are not less amusing in the evening. They are well lighted, and the thousands of persons going to or from the theatres, coming from dinners, or lounging about for diversion, keep up the bustle and animation, till all-subduing sleep bids the busy world retire."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

II.—DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE.

(Concluded from p. 341.)

It was not until the evening was somewhat advanced, and they had made sure that everybody was arrived, that the powers of the Lawsons came into full play,—at least, as regarded the young people; for the governor had been at whist ever since he first arrived, and Mrs. Lawson's feathers were ubiquitously perceptible, waving and bending apparently in every part of the room at once; talking to all the old ladies in turn, fishing for compliments for her own daughters by admiring theirs, and smiling, with angelic benignity, upon every young man concerning whose expectations she had been agreeably informed. The junior exhibition commenced by Bessy delighting the company with a rondo by Hertz, in the most approved skyrocket style of that great master; being a Parisian composition, introducing variations upon the popular airs, "*Rien, mes bons enfans, allez toujours*," "*La Pierre de Neugate*," and "*Joli Nez*," from the opera of *Jacque Sheppard*. As it was not above twenty pages in length, every one was quite charmed,—indeed, they could almost have heard it again; and the manner in which Miss Lawson sprang at the keys, and darted up and down the flats and sharps, and twitched her shoulders, and jerked about upon the music-stool, was really astonishing, and thunderstruck everybody; except the young lady and gentleman who were flirting at the end of the room after a waltz, and actually appeared more engaged with their own conversation than they did with the fair Bessy's performance, which at last concluded amidst universal applause.

There was another quadrille, and then we were informed that Miss Cynthia Lawson was going to sing. The young lady was dressed in plain white robes, with her hair smoothed very flat round her head à la Grisi, whom she thought she resembled both in style of singing and features, and consequently, studied all her attitudes from the clever Italian's impersonation of Norma. Of course, there was the usual delay attendant upon such displays. The musi-

cians had to be cleared away from the piano, in which process their wine-bottle was knocked over; then the music was in a portfolio, in the room down stairs, which nobody could find; when found, it was all placed on the music-rest topsy-turvy; and many other annoyances. At last, the lady began a bravura, upon such a high note, and so powerful, that the very lustres in the chandelier quivered with the vibration; and some impudent fellows in the square, who were passing at the time, sang out, "Vari-e-ty!" in reply. Presently, a young gentleman, who was standing at her side, chanced to turn over too soon, whereupon she gave him *such* a look, that, if he had entertained any thoughts of proposing, would effectually have stopped any such rash proceeding; but her equanimity was soon restored again, and she went through the aria in most dashing style, until she came to the last note, whose appearance she heralded with a roulade of wonderful execution.

"Now, don't get up," said the lady of the house, in a most persuasive and winning manner, to Miss Cynthia, when she had really concluded. "Do favour us with one more, if you are not too fatigued. Or, perhaps you would like a glass of wine first—a very, very little glass."

The young lady declined any refreshment, and immediately commenced a duet with her brother, whose voice, however, she entirely drowned; nevertheless, the audience were equally delighted, and as soon as she had regularly concluded, and the murmur of approbation had ceased, six young men rushed up to Ellen, with the request that they might be introduced to Miss Lawson for the next waltz. But, unfortunately, Miss Lawson did not waltz, or rather she did not choose to do so. She was aware of her liability to be called upon to sing after every dance, and she had no notion of sitting down to the instrument with a red face and flustered *ensemble*.

"Delightful people, those Lawsons!" wheezed out a fat old gentleman in pumps and a white neckcloth, (very unbecoming things are the white neckcloths, and very like linendrapers' shopmen,) who was leaning against the wall, and looking as if he wanted a glass of ale.

"Do you know them, sir?" we asked.

"Never had the pleasure of meeting them before, but they are a charming family. Mother, a delightful person, sir—woman of the world—appears to have been thrown early into good society, and profited by it. Clever fellow that young Lawson—ha! ha!—look at him," and the old gentleman chuckled until he was almost choked.

We turned to gaze at the cause of his mirth, and saw Tom doing Pastorale in a most ballet-like style, jumping up and

coming down upon one toe, turning round without touching the ground, and making everybody afraid of coming within a yard of him.

There are many worse periods in our existence than the twenty minutes consumed at supper at an evening party. The reserve which prevailed at the commencement of the evening begins to wear off, under the influence of iced champagne and cold punch: you gain courage to make engagements for the first quadrille after supper, and think what a pity it is that the flight of Time cannot be delayed by pleasure, with permission to make up his lost moments by hurrying doubly quick over periods of sorrow or *ennui*. Alas! the hoary old mower takes it into his head to act generally in precisely an opposite manner.

We went down to supper with a pretty specimen of feminine mortality in white poplin on our arm, and assisted her to a cubic inch of blancmange, and an homoeopathic quantity of Moselle, which she affirmed was quite sufficient; as well as took the precaution to push the tongue to the other side of the table, opposite a man who had taken off his gloves to eat, and who was immediately "troubled for a slice" fifteen times in rapid succession. By the way, talking of taking off your gloves—what is the reason that, whenever you go out, and wish your hands to look more than ordinarily white, they generally resemble raw beefsteaks?

Our *devoirs* being for the time accomplished, we looked round the room, and the first object that caught our eye between the lines of wax-candles and trifle-dishes was Mrs. Lawson's turban, with herself attached to it, bobbing about at the head of the table, in most graceful affability to everybody. Miss Lawson was flirting with a slim young man in incipient mustachios at the sideboard, where she preferred to sup, on the pretence of not being able to find a seat; and Miss Cynthia, no doubt much fatigued by her vocal exertions, was concluding the second patty, and thinking what she should send her *cavalier servente* for next. Tom was in the centre of the table, in high glee, chirping at a sugar-plum bird in a barley-sugar cage, jerking bonbons into his mouth by slapping his hand, making little men out of raisins and preserved ginger, and sending them to different young ladies, with his compliments; playing the cornet-à-piston upon a wafer-cake, "and many other performances too numerous to mention," as they say outside shows.

"My dear Mrs. Howard," said Mrs. Lawson to the hostess, "how delicious everything is! You always do have such very fine lobsters—where *do* you contrive to get them?"

"I am very happy you admire them,"

returned the lady, "but I really don't know;" which affirmation was the more singular, as she had ordered them herself from a shop in Wigmore-street.

"Lady Mary Abbeville and yourself are the only two of my friends who contrive to get large lobsters," continued Mrs. Lawson. "Lady Mary is a charming creature—do you know her?"

"I have not that pleasure," replied our friend; "and yet I have heard the name somewhere."

"Between Boulogne and Paris," cried Tom, as he exploded a cracker bonbon; "the diligence dines there."

"Now, my dear Tom, do not be so foolish," said Mrs. Lawson, in a tone of admiring reproach. "How can a diligence dine?"

"Well, I've seen it *break-fast*, however, when it has been going down a hill overloaded," replied the "talented" son. "A glass of wine, sir?" he continued, pitching upon some one opposite by chance, to make his wit appear off-hand.

The challenged individual was an overgrown young gentleman, in his first tail-coat, with a very high shirt-collar. He stammered out "with much pleasure;" and then filling up his half glass of sherry from the nearest decanter at hand, which contained port, he made a nervous bow, and swallowed the wine as if it had been physic.

"Here's you and I, sir, and two more; but we won't tell their names," exclaimed Tom, winking to the young gentleman, whose blushes increased to a fearful pitch of intensity.

The ladies had been gradually leaving the room for the last ten minutes, and when they had all departed, we sat down to our own supper. Tom never once flagged in his drolleries. He laughed, took wine with all the old gentlemen, did the two cats, imitated Macready and Buckstone—in fact, opened all his stores of facetiousness. He accompanied us upstairs, and after the ladies had finished the long quadrille they were having with themselves, he sang a song about "Wanted" a something, but we do not exactly recollect what; being ourselves engaged in talking delightful absurdities to the belle in the white poplin, and endeavouring to reason down the antediluvian idea she had formed, that it was improper to waltz with any one else but her brother; in which argument we finally succeeded. However, the song was eminently successful, and threw everybody who witnessed the odd grimaces with which Tom accompanied it into delicious convulsions of laughter.

The "delightful people" left about half-past two; Mrs. Lawson declaring her girls went out so much, that their health began to suffer from late hours. Tom saw them

into their carriage, and then came back, pressing every other young man in the room to come and have some broiled kidneys with him, at some tavern where there was a capital comic singer; but finding no one so inclined, he also took his leave. We waited until we saw the man who played the piano hammering away with his eyes shut, and gradually going to sleep over the keys, when we thought it time to depart ourselves; and in all the happiness of a latch-key in our pocket, and the same good hat we left in the hall upon our head, we bent our steps homeward.

Two or three weeks passed away, when, one morning, we received an application from a young medical friend, to use our interest in obtaining for him some votes for the situation of surgeon to a dispensary in the neighbourhood, accompanied by a list of the governors. We obtained two or three promises, and at last determined to solicit Mr. Lawson, whose name we saw in the list: at the same time, we must confess that we were not a little anxious to see the "delightful people" at home—to track these lions to their own lair, and watch their natural instincts. We accordingly sallied forth, one fine day, in all the pride of unexceptionable boots and faultless gloves, and arriving at the family mansion, knocked at the door. A footman in his shirt-sleeves ran out into the area, and having looked at us, ran back again; appearing the next minute at the door, with one arm still forcing its way down the sleeve of his coat. We found the Lawsons were at home, and were shewn into the drawing-room, with the assurance from the servant, that his mistress would be there directly. After looking over the card-basket, to see who they knew, (which is one of our favourite employments when we are left to ourselves in a strange house,) we turned over the leaves of some picture-books that were lying on the table, in which occupation we were interrupted by the sound of voices in angry dialogue below. This was suddenly cut short by the slamming of a door, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Lawson entered the room, looking a little red and excited, but all smiles and condescension; begging we would be seated, and telling us how very happy she was that we had called upon her.

After a few common-place observations and inquiries about the weather, the health of the family, the party we had met at, and such like exciting topics of conversation, Mrs. Lawson informed us her family was at luncheon, and begged we would join them. A strong smell of roast mutton greeted us as we descended to the dining-room, and tempted us to think that it was an early dinner. We expected to have been kept in a state of unceasing laughter

throughout the whole meal, but were very much mistaken. We had not anticipated any immense fun from the papa Lawson, who was quietly enough discussing some bread and cheese; but, as the facetious Tom was there, and his gifted sisters, we calculated upon a repetition, in a certain degree, of their previous amusing powers. There was, however, nothing of the kind: the whole party were as flat as the jug of beer that has been left out for supper, covered with a cheese-plate, on returning from the play. Bessy had evidently been quarrelling with her sister; Cynthia contradicted her mother on every point or affirmation that Mrs. Lawson uttered; Tom sat back in his chair, with his hands in his pocket, and his legs stretched out straight under the table; and the good lady herself kept up such an alternation of smiles to us and black looks to the young people, that her command of countenance was perfectly marvellous. At first, we thought it probable that they were all recovering from influenza; but they looked so very healthy, that we soon relinquished that opinion. They were, however, so very quiet, that when they retired, and we had mentioned the object of our visit to Mr. Lawson, who was a sensible man, (if the others had let him alone,) we summoned up courage to ask him if anything was the matter, as we feared we had intruded during some family discussion.

"My dear sir," he replied, "we never have anything else but family discussions here. I dare say you are surprised to see them so different to what they are in company; but the more they *shew off* when they are out, the crosser they always are at home the next day."

In these few words was contained the whole history of "delightful people"—the melancholy truth, that those who in society carry all before them by their spirits and acquirements are, at home, the most uncomfortable beings upon the face of the earth, because they cannot there find the very excitement which is almost necessary to their existence.

We have met the Lawsons several times since, and we have begun to find that their attractions sadly want variety. Mrs. Lawson tells the same anecdotes, Bessy plays the same fantasias, Cynthia warbles the identical *arias* we last heard, and Tom has a certain routine of tricks and absurdities, which he plays off in regular order during the evening. We begin to weary of these lions; although, at every *r  union* where it is our lot to meet them, there are the same number of guests charmed at their talents, who never hesitate to pronounce them most "delightful people."

ALBERT.

THE LOVE-TREE.

IN one of the apartments at Hampton-Court Palace is a full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, by Zuccherro, the painting of which is related to have been commenced during Elizabeth's dalliance with the accomplished courtier, Simier, whilst listening to his tales of enchantment, and dreaming herself in Arcadia. Such was the commencement of the portrait, which, however, was completed under less happy influence—the Queen's chagrin at the departure of another favoured lover, the Duke of Anjou, from her dominions. She is clad in a sort of Armenian dress—a loose, figured, sleeveless robe, trimmed with fur; a high cap, and Eastern slippers: she is represented in a wood, with a stag near her; and on a tree are cut, one below the other, after the fashion of the old romances, the following sentences: INJUSTI JUSTA QUERULA.—MEA, SIC MIHI.—DOLOR EST MEDICINA DOLORI.

Miss Costello, in her charming romance—the *Queen's Poisoner*, devotes a chapter to the incidents of this portrait; and, after relating its origin, remarks: "The picture which Zuccherro had begun under such favourable auspices for her content was finished, but a change had come over it: the pensive expression of the countenance was much deepened, a gloom was given to the background of wood, the azure of the sky was clouded, some swallows, birds of fleeting sojourn, were added to the others and, graven on the bark of the tree, beneath which the fair Persian stood, were seen mysterious sentences, expressive of her disappointed hope.

"It was said that her own hands traced the lines in gold, which appear on that singular picture, which had long been concealed in the ruinous gallery at Kensington, and may now be recognised by the curious at Hampton-Court. There can be read the Latin sentences with which the love-sick pedant covered the canvas; and on a shield, in the foreground, are conspicuous the following quaint and melancholy lines, in which too much clearness is evidently purposely avoided:—

"THE restless swallow fits my restless mind,
In still reviving, still renewing wrongs;
Her just complaints of cruelty unkind
Are all the musique that my life prolongs.

With pensive thoughts my weeping stag I crown,
Whose melancholic tears my cares express,—
His tears in silence and my sighs unknown
Are all the physick that my harnes redresse.

My only hope was in this goodly tree,
Which I did plant in love, bring up in care,
But all in vaine, for now too late I see,
The shales be mine, the kernels others' are.

My musique may be plaintes, my physick teares,
If this be all the fruit my love-tree bears!"

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I POSSESS (says Dr. Dibdin, in his *Reminiscences*) something, which the reader may think with me to be of importance—the catalogue of the first “Exhibition of the Royal Academy,” in 1769, 4to.; motto—“Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.” *Virgil*.—Printed by William Bunce, printer to the Royal Academy. The “*Avant-propos*,” or “Advertisement,” is worth quoting:—“As the present Exhibition is a part of the Institution of an Academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The Academicians, therefore, think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire; but they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled with improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended.” This must have been a primitive epoch, when the payment of one shilling (as I presume it to have been) was presumed to be able to prevent the intrusion of “improper persons!” Of the number of pictures or articles sent, there was only one hundred and thirty-six. In these days, we may add a thousand. Of the NAMES, how few have survived remembrance—how many have passed into oblivion!

“Ilacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte.”

Not because they “wanted a poet” to make their works “live in description, and look green in song,” but because their *works* defied the art of poetry to do so.

In this first year’s exhibition, the president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had portraits of a “lady and her son, whole-lengths, in the character of Diana disarming Love; a lady in the character of Juno receiving the cestus from Venus; two ladies, half-lengths, ‘et in Arcadio ego;’ and Hope nursing Love.” West here first exhibited his immortal picture (for the burin of Valentine Green has given it a more ready and general passport to that distinction) of the Departure of Regulus from Rome, and Venus lamenting the death of Adonis. Wilson had two landscapes. Dance, two whole-lengths of the King and Queen, with three other portraits; and Gainsborough, two whole-length portraits, a boy’s head, and a large landscape. Here were also two grave, historical subjects of Samuel Wale, also an R.A., and the artist who made the charming designs for Sir John Hawkins’s edition of Walton’s Angler, in 1760. In this, and in similar undertakings, he greatly exceeded his immediate predecessor, Hayman.

In this first exhibition, the celebrated Sir W. Chalmers, “Comptroller-general of the Works to the King, Architect to the Queen and to H.R.H. the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Treasurer of the Royal Academy, Berners-street”—for here the first meetings took place—did not disdain to exhibit the “ceiling of her grace the Duchess of Buccleugh’s dressing-room in Grosvenor-square,” and the “ceiling of the Right Hon. the Countess of Gower’s dressing-room at Whitehall.” In this first exhibition, too, Edward Penny, R.A., the rival of West in the subject of the “Death of General Wolfe” (Penny’s wretched original may be seen in the picture-gallery at Oxford), came forth with a picture, which, by the help of a good mezzotint, may possibly transmit his name to posterity. The subject is chosen from Shakspeare’s King John, beginning “I saw a smith stand with his iron thus.” The pictures are all placed under the names, alphabetically, and asterisks are subjoined to such as bespeak a purchaser. Of the one hundred and thirty-six pictures exhibited, only three have such a distinction.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that a “Society of Artists of Great Britain,” which held their meetings and exhibited their pictures “at the Great Room in Spring-gardens, Charing-cross,” was the basis or germ of the establishment of the ROYAL ACADEMY. I possess the catalogue of the second exhibition there, in 1761, which is graced, at head and tail, with an engraving by Grignion, from the pencil of Hogarth, each subject being allegorical and of common-place merit. In this second exhibition, Reynolds, not then knighted, produced his famous head of Sterne, with four other portraits, of which one was a “General on horseback.” Here, too, Hogarth first exhibited his celebrated “Sigismunda mourning over the heart of Guiscardo, her murdered husband;” which elicited the well-known terrible tirade of unsparing criticism from Horace Walpole, who compares, but most sanely and unjustly compares, the expression of the face and figure of Sigismunda to that of a maudlin prostitute. With this picture there appeared his Gate of Calais; Picquet, or Virtue in danger; An Election Entertainment; and three Portraits.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

LOUIS XIV., in a gay party at Versailles, commenced relating a facetious story, but concluded the tale abruptly and insipidly. On one of the company leaving the room, the king said, “I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. I did not recollect till I began,

that the turn of the narrative reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress a worthy man."

Shortly after the decease of Louis XIV., M. de Villars, who was selected by the regent to fill the office of war minister, on entering on his duties with a numerous suite of secretaries and clerks, finding a deficiency of accommodation, sought to take possession of a house in the occupancy of an advocate named Therri. Having sent to inspect it, the doors were found carefully closed, and admission was refused. Enraged at this contumacy, the marshal had recourse to measures to compel the occupant to quit. The advocate finding himself, as it were, besieged, despatched the following petition to the regent:—"Anthony Joseph Therri, advocate, respectfully represents to his royal highness that De Villars, having no longer enemies to oppose or treaties to negotiate, is at this moment occupied with laying siege to the office of a miserable advocate. The great general is persuaded that the place will surrender on the first summons; but the petitioner, who commands therein, is resolved to hold out until the heavy artillery shall open on him, meaning thereby the commands of your royal highness. Nevertheless, he confidently trusts that they will not arrive, and so prays your royal highness," &c. The duke laughed heartily on reading the petition, and replied on the margin: "Hold out still—I march to your relief.—(Signed,) Philippe d'Orleans." This he effectually did, by ordering that the advocate should remain undisturbed.

Steven Pasquier, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., was a lawyer, no less celebrated for his honesty than for the singularity of his religious opinions. A print of him was published, representing him without hands; the meaning of which is explained by the following epigram:—"How! Pasquier without hands?" "Yes, ye griping lawyers, to indicate how strictly I abstained, as the law enjoins, from fleecing my clients. Would to God ye could be shamed out of your rapacity."

It is related of the eminent surgeon, Boudon, that he was one day sent for by the Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France, to have a very serious operation performed by him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat those poor miserable wretches at your hospital, the Hôtel Dieu." "My lord," replied Boudon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your highness is

pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

Henry IV., during his residence at Fontainebleau, was one day, in the ardour of the chase, left at some distance from his courtiers and attendants. A countryman, who was sitting at the foot of a tree, with his chin resting on his stick, perceiving the king passing near him, asked him if there was any chance of the king passing that way; adding, that he had walked twenty miles to see him. "Why, there is some chance," said Henry; "but if you could go to Fontainebleau, you would be certain of seeing him there." "Ah!" replied the old man, "but I am so weary." "Well, then," said his majesty, "get on my horse behind me, I will take you towards it." The countryman, accordingly, mounted, and, after riding some way, asked how he should know his majesty from his courtiers. "Easily enough," replied the king; "his majesty will wear his hat, his courtiers will be bare-headed." They had not proceeded much farther before they met the attendants, who immediately taking off their hats, his majesty jumped off his horse, and turned round to the astonished countryman, who exclaimed: "Sir, either you or I must be the king!"

On going, one day, (says M. de Sully,) into a very large chamber, I found a man walking about it very fast, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither saluted, nor, as I imagine, perceived me. Observing him more attentively, everything in his person, his manner, his countenance, and his dress appeared to me to be very uncommon. His body was long and slender, his face thin and withered, his beard white and forked; he had on a large hat, which covered his face, a cloak buttoned close at the collar, boots of an enormous size, a sword trailing on the ground, and in his hand he held a large double bag, like those that are tied to saddle-bows. I asked him, in a raised tone of voice, if he lodged in that room, and why he seemed in such a profound contemplation. Affronted at the question, without saluting me, or even deigning to look at me, he answered me rudely, that he was in his own apartment, and that he was thinking of his affairs, as I might do of mine. Although I was a little surprised at his behaviour, I nevertheless requested him very civilly to permit me to dine in the room; a proposal which he received with grumbling, and which was followed by a refusal still less polite. That moment, three of my gentleman pages and some footmen entering the chamber, my brutal companion thought proper to soften his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and offered me everything in his power. Then, suddenly eyeing me with a fixed look, he asked me, with a wild air, where I was

going. I told him, to meet the king. "What, sir," he replied, "has the king sent for you? Pray tell me on what day and hour you received his letters, and also at what hour you set out." It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions, which he asked me with invincible gravity. I was farther obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to examine my hands. After all these ceremonies were over, "Sir," said he, with an air of surprise and respect, "I will resign my chamber to you very willingly; and, before long, many others will leave their places less cheerfully than I do mine."

W. G. C.

FILIAL PIETY ILLUSTRATED.

THE dutifulness and affection of Joseph to his father Jacob has been chosen by Paley as the subject of one of his posthumous "Sermons on Several Subjects," which the reverend author left, not to be published for sale, but to be printed at the expense of his executors, and distributed in his neighbourhood in the manner following: first, to those who frequented church; secondly, to farmer's families in the country; and, lastly, to those who had a person in their family who could read, and was likely to read them. This philanthropic wish was complied with in the year 1806; but the extensive distribution destroyed the intention of the testator, that he "would not have the said sermons published for sale," and several large editions have since been called for by the public.

The Sermon here illustrated is the Ninth.—"On Filial Piety." And Joseph nourished his father and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.' Gen. xlvii. 12." With reference to Joseph's "dutifulness and affection to his father," Paley observes:

"Never was this virtue more strongly displayed. It runs, like a thread, through the whole narrative: and whether we regard it as a quality to be admired, or, which would be a great deal better, as a quality to be imitated by us, so far as a great disparity of circumstances will allow of imitation, (which in principle it always will do), it deserves to be considered with a separate and distinct attention.

"When a surprising course of events had given to Joseph, after a long series of years, a most unexpected opportunity of seeing his brethren in Egypt, the first question which he asked them was, 'Is your father yet alive?' This appears from the account which Reuben gave to Jacob of the conference which they had held with the great man of the country, whilst neither of them as yet suspected who he was. Joseph, you

remember, had concealed himself, during their first journey, from the knowledge of his brethren, and it was not consistent with his disguise to be more full and particular than he was in his inquiries.

"On account of the continuance of the famine in the land, it became necessary for the brethren of Joseph to go a second time into Egypt to seek corn, and a second time to produce themselves before the lord of the country. What had been Joseph's first question on the former visit, was his first question in this, 'Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant, our father, is in good health, he is yet alive: and they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance.'

"Hitherto, you observe, all had passed in disguise. The brethren of Joseph knew nothing who they were speaking to; and Joseph was careful to preserve the secret. You will now take notice how this affected disguise was broken, and how Joseph found himself forced, as it were, from the resolution he had taken of keeping his brethren in ignorance of his person. He had proposed, you read, to detain Benjamin: the rest being perplexed beyond measure, and distressed by this proposal, Judah, approaching Joseph, presents a most earnest supplication for the deliverance of the child; offers *himself* to remain Joseph's prisoner, or slave, in his brother's place; and, in the conclusion, touches, unknowingly, upon a string which vibrates with all the affections of the person whom he was addressing. 'How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.' The mention of this circumstance, and this person, subdued immediately the heart of Joseph; and produced a sudden, and, as it should seem, an undesigned premature discovery of himself to his astonished family. Then—that is, upon this circumstance being mentioned—Joseph could not refrain himself; and, after a little preparation, Joseph said unto his brethren, 'I am Joseph.'

"The great secret being now disclosed, what was the conversation which immediately followed? The next word from Joseph's mouth was, 'Doth my father yet live?' and his brethren could not answer him; surprise had overcome their faculty of utterance. After comforting, however, and encouraging his brethren, who seemed to sink under the intelligence, Joseph proceeds: 'Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not, and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, and there will I nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine,) lest thou, and thy household, and



all that thou hast, come to poverty. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither.'

"It is well known that Jacob yielded to this invitation, and passed over with his family into Egypt.

"The next thing to be attended to, is the reception which he there met with from his recovered son. 'And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen; and presented himself unto him, and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face; because thou art yet alive.' Not content with these strong expressions of personal duty and respect, Joseph now availed himself of his power and station to fix his father's family in the enjoyment of those comforts and advantages, which the land of Egypt afforded in the universal dearth which then oppressed that region of the world. For this purpose, as well as to give another public token to his family, and to the country, of the deep reverence with

which he regarded his parent, he introduced the aged patriarch to Pharaoh himself. 'And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh.' The sovereign of Egypt received a benediction from this venerable stranger. 'And Joseph (the account proceeds) nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.'"

Of all the *points* in Joseph's character, this illustration is, perhaps, the most to be admired; although, as Paley beautifully remarks, his whole history "is a strong and plain example of the circuitous providence of God—that is to say, of his bringing about the ends and purposes of his providence by seemingly casual and unsuspected means. That is a high doctrine, both of natural and revealed religion; and is clearly exemplified in this history. It is an useful example, at the same time, of the protection and final reward of virtue, though for a season oppressed and calumniated, or carried through a long series of distresses and misfortunes."

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUSBAND'S DEATH.

(Concluded from p. 392.)

"MADAME overheard what monsieur said?" asked the valet, when he left the room. "What am I to do?"

"You must pretend to go after this solicitor, and come back and tell your master that he has gone out of town on business; and you may say he will be back the last of the week. Sick people always deceive themselves as to their situation, and he will suppose the matter can wait till he returns."

The physician had told her the day before that the count could hardly be expected to live through the day.

In a couple of hours the valet came in again, bringing his unwelcome message. The count seemed greatly agitated.

"My God, my God, my only hope is in thee!" he repeated again and again.

He eyed his son in silence for some time, and at last said feebly:

"Ernest, my child, you are very young, but you have a good heart, and you know how sacred is a promise made to a dying man, to a dying father. Do you feel that you can keep a secret, can bury it in your breast, so that even your mother herself shall not suspect it? You are the only soul in this house in whom I can trust. You will not deceive me?"

"No, father."

"Well, then, I will presently give you a sealed packet. It belongs to Mr. —, my solicitor, and it is directed to him. Put it away where nobody can find it, then slip out and drop it in the penny-post at the corner."

"Yes, father."

"Can I depend upon you?"

"Yes, father."

"Come and kiss me, then. You make death less bitter to me, my dear child. Ten or twelve years later you will know the importance of this secret, and be well repaid for your obedience and secrecy, and you will know how much I loved you. Leave me alone for a few minutes, and do not let anybody come in."

Ernest left the room, and found his mother-standing in the parlour.

"Come here, Ernest," said she. She took a seat by the fire, took her son between her knees, and embraced him ardently.

"Ernest, your father has been talking to you."

"Yes, mamma."

"What did he say?"

"I cannot tell you, mamma."

"Oh, my dear son," cried the countess, as if delighted, "how much your prudence

pleases me. Never to tell a falsehood, and never to break one's word, are two principles you must never lose sight of."

"Oh, how beautiful you are, mamma! You never told a falsehood, I'm sure!"

"Yes, my dear Ernest, I have, and broken my word too, but there are circumstances in which we are forced to. Listen to me, my dear; you are old enough, you have sense enough, to see that your father dislikes me, that he will not let me wait on him; and you know how I love him. It is not natural."

"No, mamma."

"Ah, my dear son," said the countess, in tears, "it is owing to the slanders of my enemies. Some wicked people have been trying to separate me from your father to gratify their love of money. They want to take our property away from us, and keep it themselves. If your father was well, there could be no difference between us, for he would be reasonable; he is so kind and good-hearted that he would see I was not to blame; but his mind is not so strong as it was, and his dislike of me is becoming a fixed idea, a kind of madness. This comes from his being sick. His being so fond of you proves that his faculties are impaired; for before he was sick he never made any difference between Pauline and George and you. He is all whim and caprice. Now, as he has taken such a fancy to you, he may perhaps want to get you to do something for him; he may give you some secret orders. If you do not want to ruin the family, my darling, if you do not want to see your poor mother begging her bread in the streets, you must—"

"Ha!" cried the count, who had dragged himself to the door, and stood on the threshold, wrapped in a sheet, and as withered and fleshless as a skeleton.

The count's sudden appearance produced a terrible effect on his wife. She stood speechless and immovable.

"You have filled my life with sorrow—do you want to embitter even my death?" he asked in a hollow voice.

The countess threw herself at his feet in tears, exclaiming, "Oh, pardon, pardon!"

"Did you ever have pity on me?" he asked sternly.

"Nor do I ask it for myself," she added; "but then my children! Send me to a convent, I will go, I will do anything to atone for my guilt, but do not make our children miserable! Oh, my dear, dear children!"

"I have but one child!" answered the count, coldly.

"Oh, pardon—pity—repentance!" sobbed the countess incoherently at her husband's feet.

"What were you saying to Ernest just now? Is this your repentance?" asked

the dying man, spurning her with his foot. "Go, the very sight of you turns my blood to ice!"

The countess fainted away. As for the count, he staggered back to bed, and expired a few hours after. This terrible scene had exhausted his energies. Precisely at midnight I arrived at the hotel, along with Gobseck.

Profiting by the general confusion we penetrated to the count's bedchamber. In the next room were the three children in tears. Ernest came up to us, and told us that his mother was in the bed-room, and wished not to be disturbed.

"Do not go in, if you please," he told us with exquisite grace, "she is praying!"

Gobseck laughed in his cynical way, and made straight for the door. What a sight we saw! The count had not been dead ten minutes, but his widow had already broken open all the drawers and his writing-desk. Everything was in confusion. The countess was there, dishevelled, with gleaming eyes, surrounded by clothes and papers. The carpet was strewn with fragments. Everything bore the marks of her audacious researches. It would seem that she had not found the document she was looking for at once, but I suspected from her eyes that she had gold hold of it. Looking towards the bed, I guessed the truth. Her husband's corpse was flung carelessly across the bed, his pillow lay on the floor, and the print of her foot was upon it. The precious paper had been hidden there, and her jealous rage had discovered it. She eyed us with the fierceness of a tiger, but said nothing. At her feet I saw an envelop, which had been secured by numerous seals. I picked it up, and found an endorsement upon it, requesting that it should be handed to me. The fire on the hearth was slowly consuming the other papers. The countess, I presume, had seized upon the parcel just before we surprised her, and reading only the first few lines, had supposed it was a will disinheriting her younger children, and had therefore destroyed it.

"Ah, madam," said I, snatching a fragment from the fire, "you have made your children beggars! This paper was their only evidence!"

Her lips moved, but she could not speak a word; she eyed me with a dull, inapprehensive glance. Gobseck was the first to speak.

"Do you want to make the countess believe that I am not the legal owner of the late count's estates? Why, this very house has been mine for the last hour."

I was thunderstruck.

"Have you a conveyance from the count?" I asked.

"Perhaps I have."

"And do you mean to take advantage of this rash act of Madame's?"

"Exactly so."

I hurried out of the room. Gobseck followed me, and as I turned away, came up and said, with his keen, penetrating glance,

"Do you presume to judge your benefactor?"

Since then I have seen but little of him. He lives in the count's hotel, spends the summer on his estates, builds, plants, and manages the property. He has given up usury, and is now a member of the chamber of deputies. He wants the title of baron, and the cross of the legion of honour. He never goes out on foot any more.

One day I met him at the Tuileries.

"The countess is become a perfect heroine," said I; "she devotes all her time to her children's education; she is bringing them up very well. The eldest son, Ernest, is a remarkably fine fellow."

"Ah, ha, so she is getting along, is she? I'm glad of it, for by heaven she is beautiful!"

"But don't you mean to assist them?"

"Assist Ernest? Oh no, he must be tried and purified by adversity. Misfortune is the best of teachers. A man who has never known want can never enjoy abundance."

I left him in despair. A few weeks since I went to see him again, and told him that Ernest was in love with your daughter Camille. I begged him to put him in possession of his father's fortune, as he is now of age. He told me he would give me an answer in a fortnight, and yesterday he said that he liked the match, and would on the wedding-day create an estate-tail in Ernest's favour of a hundred thousand a-year. I have learned to know Gobseck better. He has been doing good for his own amusement, with the same keen tact and shrewdness that he used to practise in usury. He despises mankind because he understands them; he reads their hearts as you would a book, and he amuses himself by doing good or evil to them at his pleasure. He is both a fiend and an angel.

"How did you ever come to take such an interest in young Ernest and in me?" I asked him yesterday.

"Because his father and yourself are the only two persons that ever trusted me," said he.

"Well, well," said Madame de Grandlieu, "we will make Gobseck a baron, and then we'll see about it."

A little girl happening to hear her mother speak of going into *half mourning*, said: "Why are you going into *half mourning*?—are any of our relations *half dead*?"

J. H. F.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—XIV.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

(Concluded from page 380.)

The Magazine of Domestic Economy has completed its sixth volume; and during its progress, a vast fund of useful information must have been amassed in its pages. In the present Number, we perceive the conclusion of a Treatise on Organic Chemistry, with notices of Dr. Liebig's recent discoveries. The correspondence is more miscellaneous: Abigail M., (whose husband is an excellent amateur mechanic,) in the same letter, gives a receipt for making Everton Taffey, (treacle, sugar, and butter;) then brings the Editor to book for stating that a watch is injured by having the hands put back; and next asks the best method of keeping rosewood furniture: the latter the Editor safely recommends to be covered when in common use, a sure way of preserving anything. Another Correspondent sends a mode of destroying cockroaches. The next, after desiring to see her children "Christians in truth as well as in name," begs to know how to remedy the annoyance of losing feathers out of beds which have been washed; "though the ticks are good, the feathers will come out." Another requests the Editor to extend his kindness by telling "how to clean white satin shoes." Again, the Editor talks of "the cementary subject." He must be a good-natured creature—a sort of Lady Bountiful in print; and, having done so much for domestic enjoyment, a whole plate, not a piece, should be presented to him. Few of our critical thunderers in the Reviews are aware of the multifarious duties of the Editor of this Magazine; now investigating the latest researches in culinary chemistry, and then deciding upon the merits of lollipops and dough-nuts.

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF THE
LATE JOHN BOYLE, ESQ.

(Concluded from p. 367.)

I HAVE had intimate intercourse with sundry Englishmen, both here and in England, and have invariably found them as ignorant of this "gem of the sea," as if it was planted in the Pacific Ocean. Some of them think we ought to be all Paddies; and others, that we never open our mouths but out pops a bull. Read Fielding. The conversation of his Fitzpatricks is tessellated with blunder from beginning to end; illuminated occasionally by such bright exclamations as "Oh! upon my shoul," &c. &c. The only thing in which Englishmen have done us tardy justice is in acknowledging our well-earned glory in the sports of Bacchus, and our trophies in the bowers

of Venus. Smart, in one of his poems, pays us a pretty compliment. The *veni-vidi-vici* style of courtship is indeed peculiar to us true Milesians:—

"She said, a youth approached, of manly grace,
A son of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race;
In flowery rhetoric he no time employ'd,
He came—he woo'd—he wedded—he enjoy'd."

I have seen the gravity of parsons in the pulpit, lawyers in court, judges on the bench, Quakers at conventicle, demagogues at a meeting of the rabble, the Chancellor in the Lords, the Speaker in the Commons, soldiers at drill, doctors near a patient, clients at a law-suit, auctioneers puffing a worthless daub, antiquarians over a brass farthing, and Thomas Frog Dibdin over a Wynkin de Worde, old gentlemen at funerals, and young gentlemen at tailors' bills, bailiffs at an execution, and the hangman at the gallows; I have seen the gravity of an author when his play was damned, and of a coxcomb taking his place at twelve paces; of an attorney drawing out his bill of costs, and of an alderman adjusting his napkin at a city feast; I have seen Mr. Rogers and Belzoni's mummy; but the gravity of each and of all taken together does not equal the gravity of a cow chewing the cud.

The only shops in Paris which an Englishman should carefully shun are those in which a notification is written up for visitors, "*English spoken here*." Not only is English spoken there, but great cheating practised; and indeed it is only just that your spooney Englishman who goes to Paris without a knowledge of the language should pay something additional for the kindness of the shopkeepers in providing him an *interpreter*.

Military men never blush; it is not in the articles of war.

We look with pleasure even on our shadows.

Punning is a pleasing vice. Your dull-witted fools, who find it as impossible for them to make a decent pun as to square the circle, affect to sneer at it, and call it the lowest species of wit. Be it so. But while it amuses, I am content to take it with all its faults. I can bear the worst pun with complacency. Everybody knows the humorous derivation given for the name of Dr. Meade—a *medendo*. Colman the Younger, as the old fool loved to call himself, being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Oh, yes! Hook and I (eye) have been long acquainted." Talking of Hook reminds me of an admirable pun which he once made in my hearing. A foreigner asking whether he was not Mr. H. the improvisatore, the *John Bull* replied, "Yes, monsieur, like the man in Terence—

"Plenus rimerum sum, hâcet que illâc perduc."—*Ennuchus*.

Aristotle is reported to have died with a pun in his mouth. Not being able to discover why the Euripus ebbs and flows seven times every day, he threw himself into its waters, with these words, "Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me." For the credit of the Stagyrite, however, it must be added, that Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*, book vii. cap. 14, doubts much the authenticity of this story. Rabelais also died punning. A few moments before he expired he called for a domino, and wrapping it round him, said, "Beati qui in domino moriuntur." Curran is said to have punned the last morning of his life. I was a mere boy when Flood, the orator, asked me in the House of Commons whether I had ever been in college? "Yes," said I, "*Collegisse Juvat*." The last time that Dr. Maginn dined with me he made some gems of puns. We had some ham and chicken for dinner. The Doctor said, "You know, Boyle, what old Ovid, in his *Art of Love* (book iii.), says—I give you the same wish:—

"Semper tibi pendent *hamus*."

May you always have a *ham* hanging up in your kitchen." We talked of tea. The Doctor insisted that it was well known to the Romans; "For," says he, "even in the time of Plautus it was a favourite beverage with the ladies—

"Amant te omnes mulieres."

Miles Glor., act i., sc. i., v. 58.

Sam Rogers was once persuaded to set up for a borough. He wrote to some of the bourgeois thus—

"Vota precor votis addite vestra meis."

Ov. Ep. ix., v. 72.

At another time he landed at Boulogne. The customhouse sharks, of course, overhauled his baggage, when Sam, with great good humour, said—

"Cernite sinceros omnes ex ordine *truncos*."

Nux Ovidii, 35.

Weak-minded men are obstinate: those of a robust intellect are firm.

Swift declared he was too proud to be vain. The distinction was very nice. On the same principle, a wise man is too prudent to be cunning.

It is now considered vulgar to fall asleep at church; none but shopkeepers and Goths are guilty of it. The aristocracy very properly ceased to patronise it, when it became *low*. The same remarks apply to cock-fighting.

The proper way to make a tumbler of punch is, to put in the sugar and water first; and when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, to add whisky *quantum suff.* Many put in the whisky first, and the sugar afterwards; but this spoils the flavour.

I never had any real respect for a man who could not drink thirteen tumblers of punch.

When you are invited to a drinking-party, you do not treat your host well if you do not eat at least six salt herrings before you sit down to his table. I have never known this to fail in ensuring a pleasant evening.

Always *finish* with champagne. If you begin with champagne, and then follow it up with other wines, the morning's dawn will find you cursing your headache and your want of thought.

The best drinking-song ever written is by Rabelais—

"Fill, fill your glass, which empty stands,

Empty it, and let it pass;

For I hate to see in people's hands

A full or empty glass."

Rabelais was indeed a jolly old soul, well worth five hundred of your modern French *petit maitres*. Guizot and Chateaubriand, and De Lamartine and Thiers, and all that set, are but one degree removed from donkeys. The only thing satisfactory is, that they know it, and confess it to be true.

We should never be deceived by the flattery of others, did we not flatter ourselves. Man is his own worst and greatest sycophant.

FIELDING.—I say it is a disgrace to England that there is no monument in Westminster Abbey to this truly great man. He was the Shakspeare of romance. Unequalled by all preceding, contemporary, or succeeding novelists, he stands alone and pre-eminent—the standard of a perfection to be admired, but not to be attained. His knowledge of human nature was wonderful. He had mixed with high and low, and has drawn the vices of both classes with a pencil unequalled for fidelity and vividness. His personages, without the caricature of Smollett, or the maudlin sensibility of Richardson, actually live and move before you: every nice stroke, every beautiful delineation of character, persuades you that

"Nature herself this magic portrait drew."

His wit is easy and elegant, and, when he chooses, full of the gracefulness of Addison; and his humour infinitely surpasses that of Smollett,—of whom, indeed, I have always entertained a poor opinion. His burlesque imitations of Homer are not only original, but charm at every new perusal: "*Decies repetita placebunt*." His learning was extensive, and had been drawn from the purest wells of literature. His volume was the heart, and he had fully mastered its every emotion. His delineation of Irish characters is perfectly inimitable. Gibbon, with an enthusiasm that does him high honour, calls him our "immortal Fielding,"

and states that he was of the younger branch of the family of Denbigh, who are earls, or something of that kind. I wish they would condescend to think of the very brightest jewel in their coronet, which is, their relationship to Henry Fielding, and no longer delay to do justice to his memory.

He who asks a lady to drink wine with him before the first course is removed deserves to be buried alive.

I never knew a thick-lipped man who was not a blockhead, or so insufferably sulky that to talk to him was dangerous.

A Hint to the Ladies.—Blue-eyed men are generally the best tempered. This is not egotism, for my blinkers are not cerulean.

He is a philosopher who can bear the company of either of the Bulwers, or tight boots, without shrinking.

I can forgive a man anything but rudeness to a woman.

No sportsman should come to Ireland without an introduction to Archbishop Whateley. A hunter, with all the skill and daring of Squire Western; an angler, with all the patience and enthusiasm of Izaak Walton; and a boon companion, with the art and vocal powers of the famous Captain Morris. Not to know his grace is not to enjoy true Irish sporting.—

Fraser's Magazine.

New Books.

A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Lieut. John Wood.

(Concluded from p. 317.)

[THE following are interesting traits of the people resident upon the Indus:—

Weavers at Bhawalpûr.]

These men are comfortably housed in clean, well-aired apartments, and to judge of their condition by the appearance of their workshops, I should say that the Bhawalpûr weaver is, comparatively, in possession of superior comforts to this class of hand operatives in Great Britain. They work in large sheds, open in front, with chunamed sides and flooring. The rooms are ranged in line, close to the back wall, in which is a large square aperture to give a free circulation. The open area in front is usually ornamented with one or more shade-yielding trees.

"A Cure for the Heart-ache."

While at Kohat, a handsome youth one day entered the Bechoba, and threw his turban at my feet. He was in love, he said, but his passion was not requited. Hearing of a firingi passing through the country, he had come many miles to solicit

a charm by which the heart of his lady-love might be softened. He was greatly disappointed when I declared to him that I had no such treasures to dispose of; and although I took some pains to explain the absurdity and worthlessness of the tascems or charms by which the fakir dupes the simple, he left the tent melancholy and incredulous.

[*Uzbek Customs.*]

All ranks in Kunduz eat twice a day—at "Chasht," or about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at "Nimaz Akhûr," or twilight; pillaw and soup, with good leavened wheaten bread, constitute the repast; mutton is the flesh in general use. That of the horse, though eaten, is not often exposed in their markets; it is too expensive for the generality of the people. On the banks of the Oxus the pheasant is very plentiful, and is a delicacy greatly esteemed by the inhabitants. A meal is never concluded without tea; it is also drunk at all hours of the day; but this beverage, says the Uzbek, "goes for nothing." Yet tea in this country is not the meagre, unsubstantial fare it is with us; it is termed "*Keimuk chah*," or cream tea; and the cream is so rich and clotty as to give one the idea of its having been mixed with oil. Fat is sometimes added, and salt is the uniform substitute for sugar. The tea is made in a large iron pot, from which it is baled out with a wooden ladle, and handed round to the company by the host in small china bowls. After a few trials *Keimuk chah* has rather an agreeable flavour.

[*Curious Legend.*]

Quitting the plain of Kara-bolak, we crossed a rough waste, four miles wide, and entered the narrow and pretty vale of Meshid, through which meandered the largest stream we had yet forded in Badakhshan. This valley is reported to have been extremely populous in former times, and the Badakhshies assert that of hardware artificers alone it once contained 10,000 workmen. The kings of Badakhshan passed the winter season at Meshid, and the summer at Fyzabad; and there is a legend current here, that in former days the valley was sadly infested by scorpions: to avoid them a certain king, named Suliman, had a residence built on the summit of the mountain which now bears his name. His meals were prepared in the valley, and transported to the Takht, or throne, by a line of men, placed side by side, who passed them on rapidly from one to another. His timid majesty, however, at length met his death from the insect he had been at such pains to avoid, and which, concealed amongst a bunch of grapes, found access to his person, in spite of all his precautions. These

traditions are at least evidence of the populousness of these countries in olden times. The valley does not now contain a hundred families.

[During Lieut. Wood's five weeks' sojourn, he collected these amusing details of

Domestic Economy at Jerm.]

The domestic arrangements of the people of Badakshan are as simple as with other mountaineers. Whilst we were at Jerm a neighbour of Hassain's was married. This gave us an opportunity of learning at what outlay the peasantry of this secluded region can commence house-keeping. I will state the articles separately. The first and largest item is—

	<i>Tangas.</i>	<i>Rupees.</i>
The purchase of a wife	0	25
Bedding	0	6
Antimony for the lady's eyes	3	
An iron boiler	0	2
A wooden bowl and spoons	3	
Flour-sieve	2	
Drinking bowl	1	
Table-cloth	2	
Dresser	2	
Knife for cutting beans	3	
Wooden ladle	1	
Frying pan	6	
A wooden pitcher	2	
Stone lamp	4	
Iron girdle for baking	2	
Culinary and other utensils	31	or 1½
Lutta, or head covering	10	
Kurta, or shirt	40	
Pajamah, or trousers	20	
Kufsh, or shoes	20	
Wife's wardrobe	90	or 4½
Lallah, or turban	6	
Takun	2	
Chukmun, or cloak	40	
Chamboor, or shoes	10	
Jurab, or stockings	6	
Kummer for the waist	40	
Pajamah	10	
Karid, or long sword	40	
Tufungh, or matchlock	200	
Matchlock furniture	22	
Husband's wardrobe and equipment	376	or 18½

57½, or
[£5 14s. sterling.]

[Towards the close of the narrative are some important details of the Yak, which is to the inhabitants of Tibet and Pamir what the reindeer is to the Laplander in northern Europe. But, we have run out our tether, and reluctantly take leave of Lieut. Wood's entertaining and instructive volume.]

Hands to Humphrey's Clock. By Jacob Parallel. Part II.

THIS attractive work has, we believe, met with success akin to that of the very popular fiction which it is designed to illustrate. The Number before us is entitled to equal

favour, by its spirited execution. The incidents illustrated are "the Destitution of Nell and the Old Man;" "Nell and the Old Man at the Schoolmaster's;" "the Robbery—Miss Sally practising the law;" "Quilp's amiability displayed;" "the Death Struggle;" and "the Pursuit." The plates correspond in size with the work illustrated, to which they form a meritorious accompaniment.

Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific. By Captain Marryat.

(Concluded from p. 301.)

[THE following reflection of Ready, on seeing the children playing in the wrecked ship, is beautiful nature:—]

"It is nearly noon now," observed Ready, reading off his quadrant, "the sun rises very slowly. What a happy thing a child is! Look, sir, at those little creatures playing about, and as merry now, and as unaware of danger, as if they were at home in their parlour. Although nothing pains me more when it does take place, I often think, sir, it is a great blessing for a child to be called away early; and that it is selfish in parents to repine."

[The sketches of the island are admirable: here is

A Beautiful Scene.]

Perhaps a more lovely scene could scarcely be imagined. The cocoa-nut grove terminated about a quarter of a mile from the beach very abruptly, for there was a rapid descent for about thirty feet from where they stood to the land below, on which was a mixture of little grass knolls and brushwood, to about fifty yards from the water's edge, where it was met with dazzling white sand, occasionally divided by narrow ridges of rock which ran inland. The water was of a deep blue, except where it was broken into white foam on the reefs, which extended for miles from the beach, and the rocks of which now and then shewed themselves above water. On the rocks were perched crowds of gannets and men-of-war birds, while others wheeled in the air, every now and then darting down into the blue sea, and bringing up in their bills a fish out of the shoals, which rippled the water, or bounded clear of it in their gambols. The form of the coast was that of a horse-shoe bay—two points of land covered with shrubs extending far out on each side. The line of the horizon, far out at sea, was clear and unbroken.

[The "natural history" in the narrative is pleasingly told: thus we have stories of sharks, with a very droll cut of a shark with a pig in his mouth; next are the

turtle-catching, and a very neat explanation of "coral islands," by "little insects not bigger than a pin's head;" and Ready's talk on

The Cocoa-nut Tree.

"There's no tree so valuable as the cocoa-nut tree; and the wood is so light that we can easily move it about."—"Why, what are the great merits of the cocoa-nut tree?" said Mrs. Seagrave.—"I'll tell you, madam: in the first place, you have the wood to build the house with; then you have the bark, with which you can make ropes and lines, and fishing nets if you please; then you have the leaves for thatching your house, and also for thatching your head if you please, for you may make good hats out of it, and baskets also; then you have the fruit, which, as a nut, is good to eat, and very useful in cooking; and in the young nut is the milk, which is also very wholesome; then you have the oil to burn, and the shell to make cups of, if you hav'n't any, and then you can draw toddy from the tree, which is very pleasant to drink when fresh, but will make you tipsy if it is kept too long; and then, after that, you may turn the toddy into arrack, which is a very strong spirit. Now there is no tree which yields so many useful things to man, for it supplies him with almost every thing."

[The work is liberally illustrated with engravings on wood, the majority of which are instructive as well as pictorial: thus, there are, a "ship before the wind," "vessel with clothes in the rigging," "fair wind—studding sails set," "scudding under sail," and other vignettes of

"the dangers of the seas."]

The Gatherer.

Wine.—The total quantity of foreign wines imported during 1840 amounted to 9,311,247 gallons; the quantities exported, to 2,437,078 gallons; the quantities retained for home consumption, after deducting the amount exported subsequently to the payment of duty, were 6,553,922 gallons; the quantities remaining in warehouse under bond at the port of London, on Jan. 5, 1841, amounted to 6,920,398 gallons; and at the other ports of the United Kingdom, to 4,470,069 gallons.—*Times.*

Old Acquaintance.—Poussin lived and conversed with the ancient statues so long, that he may be said to have been better acquainted with them than with the people who were about him.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

A bronze statue of Mozart, intended for the monument at Salzburg, has been cast at Munich.

Spenser.—Mr. F. F. Spenser, of Halifax, in making some researches into the ancient residence of his own family, has been fortunate in identifying it with that of the author of the *Fairy Queen*, and, we are informed, is about to submit the particulars to the public. The little rural village of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, is the honoured locality; and in its romantic mountain scenery it is probable that Spenser took refuge, when he was driven by academical disappointments "to his relations in the north of England." The family of the great poet appear to have resided at Hurstwood about 400 years—that is, from the early part of the reign of Edward II. to the year 1690.—*Abridged from a Leeds newspaper.*

Botanic Society.—The gardens, in the Regent's Park, from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton and Mr. Marnock, are progressing rapidly; and the promenades are sufficiently advanced for company.

Regent's Park.—The Ornamental Water, opposite Hanover Gate, is, we hear, to be crossed by two small suspension-bridges, upon Mr. Dredge's principles: 1. with diminished suspension-chains from the abutments to the centre of the pendent curve; 2. oblique rods to support the roadway. By these bridges, the interior of the Park will be accessible on all sides.

Royal Authoress.—The ex-queen of Spain occupies her leisure hours at her residence in the Palais Royal, at Paris, in writing her history, which will be published under the title of *A Reign of Eleven Years.*

Railways.—The receipts of 29 railways in England and Scotland, during one week in May last, were £60,961; of which the London and Birmingham took £17,396.

Suicide in France is on the increase. In 1839, no fewer than 2747 persons destroyed themselves, being 161 more than in 1838. Suffocation by charcoal is much patronized in Paris, where 189 persons thus killed themselves in the above year.

Amiconi painted women so feebly, that Walpole says they are "mere chalk, as if he had only painted from ladies who paint themselves."

Haddock.—The old superstition, assigning the mark in the haddock to the impression left by St. Peter with his finger and thumb, when he took the tribute-money out of a fish of this species, is exploded by the fact, that the haddock does not exist in the sea of the country where the miracle was performed.

Simplicity.—A servant-girl having chained a lady's lap-dog to a kennel, was asked why she had done so, and her reply was, "I thought it would be a change to Flora, for she is never tied up, and Boxer always is."

J. H. F.

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WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.—*Face Title.*

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